The chearfull Acclamation of the City of

E D I N B U R G H,

For the happy Return of his Sacred Majesty,

C H A R L E S

THE SECOND.

WAft'd from sorrows waves, where many years
I drenched was, in seas of brynie tears,
With chearful countenance, I come again,
To vow due homage to my Soveraign!
When Armed violence envad'd the Throne,
Martyr'd my Sacred Syr, exyl'd his Son,
Murther'd his Subjects, Ruin'd all the Land,
And worst of Monsters did usurp Command;
Then I, *Edina*, I was forc'd to be
A perfect pattern of true misery:
But Heav'n is pleased for to smile again,
And Rear Great *CHARLES* on the Royal Wain,
Whose Radiant Lustre doth at length despell
Clouds seeming darker then the shads of Hell)
O! may the Instruments for ever be
A fragrant perfume to Posterity:
And thou, brave *Monck*, all ages shall proclame
Renowned praise, to thy deserved Fame.
Dread Soveraign! may thy Throne so blessed be,
That all thy People may be blest'd in Thee!
And let the splendour of thy Royal Shryne,
Be like great *Phœbus* in his Southern Shyne
To cherish Loyal Subjects, let thine Hand
Rear (like the Lyons Paw) what doth gainstand
Thy just Decrees: All Natives come I pray
And (with *Edina*) Solemnize this Day
To *CHARLES* the Second, Men, and Angels sing,
God save Great *Britains*, *France's*, and *Irelands* King.

F I N I S.